

# Wendy

## The Drums

At an early age  
You locked yourself away  
And became the architect of your fate  
And there's something strange  
Strangely wonderful to create and conduct on your way

In your lonely world  
You have no boundaries there  
You have no one to share your love with  
Wendy

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Wendy, oh

Shudder at the thought  
Of you all alone in your studio, uptown in the cold  
Why they despise you so, and spread those lies I'll never know  
But don't pay them any heed

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